

# THE FRANKFORT ROUNDABOUT.

GEO. A. LEWIS, Publisher.

A WEEKLY PAPER—DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND SOCIETY NEWS.

TERMS: \$1.00 In Advance.

VOL. XXII.

FRANKFORT, KY., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1899.

NO. 25

## Letter From Mr. John E. Miles.

NORFOLK, VA., Feb. 9, 1899.

### Editor Roundabout:

Having been on the constant go for more than two months, after getting here at the home of my son-in-law, Rev. C. Q. Wright, and meeting two of my daughters from home, being here on a visit, Mrs. Wright making three here, I naturally feel like and am at home.

I got here Sunday morning and becoming quiet so sudden I collapsed and have been housed up since, but hope to be out in a day or two. There is nothing in particular I know of to write about, but, nevertheless, here goes.

My last letter was written at Jacksonville, Fla., on my way back from a trip down the east coast of Florida to Havana and back, and up the west coast through the central portion of the State. I found quite a difference in the general appearance of things, compared to all my former visits.

You and your readers will remember the cold spell and freeze that swept over the largest portion of the State, some three or four years ago, which caused not only the destruction of the oranges but also the destruction of the orange trees in almost every portion of the State, some few sections only escaping.

In passing along I recalled the beautiful and almost continuous stretch of groves on every road, from one end of the State to the other, filled with ripe fruit. Now, I rarely saw an orange on a tree and trees not higher than my head, they being the growth from the root or frozen off stubb of the old trees.

Years ago I wrote a number of letters to you from Florida (which a great many of your readers will remember), in which I stated what the future of the State was no one could tell; that everything except the orange was undeveloped.

In several of my visits, even as late as the middle and last of March, I have seen beans, tomatoes, cucumbers, after a poor man had them ready for the market, in one night's time, wiped from the face of the earth and the man left penniless and homeless. The climate of the State, as a whole, is grand.

These cold spells come along and do their work of destruction and disappear, and every thing is grand and beautiful all of a sudden, and inclines to make one forget the past; and we start in for a repetition of the same things over. Some years we succeed, some years we fail, all business has its ups and downs; so goes life.

I left Jacksonville last Monday, one week ago, for Savannah, Ga.; then Charleston, S. C.; then Columbia, S. C.; then Charlotte, N. C.; then Richmond, Va.; then this place—all in the interest of Miles & Son.

I have spent very few idle moments. The thought comes to me right here, who is there in Frankfort and Franklin county who is not interested in the success of Miles & Son? The farmers find a market right at their door for their grain instead of going to the "four corners" of the world to find a market for the manufactured article.

There is not a business or profession, or its surroundings, that is not interested, directly or indirectly, in all of our home manufactures, and should be patronized, in its fullest sense; yes, even to make it their business to work for them, and have them to succeed. These are my thoughts at home and far away from home.

It is a terrible thing to me to leave home. There never was a being more attached to home than I. To leave home is a "heavy drag," but duty urges me on, and I go—go out in the world to keep the men in our employ and help them feed and clothe their wives and little ones.

I find I am running off into things

I did not intend in the beginning of this scribble. It seems now I will not be back until after the first of March. I may, cannot tell.

It is cold here this morning, about twenty above zero. After having been in such a warm climate. It is not near so cold as you are having in Kentucky. And I believe it best not to go back until the backbone of winter is broken. When in health, it is hard for me to feel and realize that I am far over and down the hillside of time, and, without very careful and guarded steps, how easy and quick the "silver cord" may be loosened. But after all I know the time will not be long, however careful I may be, when separation will come, not only with the present, but with every thing belonging to the present.

Every day I take a retrospect of bygone days. My ancestors are all gone. I am alone. It reminds me of an old forest that had been cleared, trees all gone, one tree left standing alone in the clearing, when, but in a short time, the storms will come and throw it to the ground.

I feel I may be trespassing on your space and time, but my pen has got under way, and my mind running, and thinking of the past, present and future, and I go on writing, penciling down thoughts as they come and go.

The people I have met on this trip I have never met or heard of before. They formed that will last, here and in the beyond. It reminds me of Longfellow's Elizabeth,

"Ships that pass in the night, and speak each other in passing,

Only a signal shown, and a distant voice in the darkness;

So on the ocean of life we pass and speak one another,

Only a look and a voice, then darkness again and silence."

We are having cold weather still. (I commenced this the 9th. This is the 11th.) I am housed and must be employed. My thoughts are homeward, and I would go home, but I believe it best to remain until I will be safe in returning.

Yesterday morning we had zero weather, very cold for these parts.

I see, from the morning papers, the Governor's Mansion has burned. Am sorry of the loss Gov. Bradley sustained individually, but am glad the old "rattle-trap" burned. Hope something will be done to make things more respectable, and this will be the cause of a new beginning all around Frankfort.

I forgot to mention, in either of my former letters, that I had the pleasure of meeting, at Tampa, Fla., Mrs. Geo. T. Stagg. She having heard before leaving home I had gone to Florida. I was in a store, the merchant told me she had inquired of him if he had seen me? He had not. I stepped in a few minutes after she left. He called her over the telephone, and in a few minutes she walked in. How pleasant it is to meet friends when away from home. She gave me an invitation to dine with her next day, in her steam yacht, which I accepted. Had a good dinner and spent a pleasant hour or more. When I left, my heart was full, I said "this was one of the events of my life." I speak of this as one only of the events that happened on this trip. They happened every day and every hour in each day.

How pleasant life is when we make it so, when we try to make it so. Life is made up of "little bits of things"—one who tries to make life out of "big things" proves a failure. On these thoughts of mine. I stop.

Yours truly,  
JOHN E. MILES.

For La Grippe.

Thomas Whitfield & Co., 140 Wabash-av., corner Jackson-st., one of Chicago's oldest and most prominent druggists, recommended Chamberlain's Cough Remedy for la grippe, as it not only gives a prompt and complete relief, but also counteracts any tendency of la grippe to result in pneumonia. For sale by J. W. Gayle.

## Agoncillo Responsible.

Agoncillo, the representative of Aguinaldo, the Philippine dictator, turns out to be responsible for the attack upon the American forces at Manila.

It seems that he sent an order for them to attack on Feb. 7, the message going by way of Hong Kong. The Philippines got reckless and started in a little too soon.

The idea was to make the attack before reinforcements could reach the American army.

Our government should at once demand the arrest of Agoncillo, in Canada, and his return here for trial and punishment, that is, if the treaty provisions will cover such an offense as his.

His treachery merits the death penalty. What shall be said of the men who encouraged him to believe that his course would serve the purpose designed?

## Small Congregations.

Owing to the extreme weather of Sunday, as a general rule, the congregations at the morning services were small. The night services were omitted at several owing to the trouble in heating the buildings.

Some of the churches took up collections for the poor, which were placed in their charity funds and materially helped to mitigate the suffering of the worthy poor.

## Kodol Dyspepsia Cure

"Digests what you eat."

### Narrow Escape.

The home of Hon. John G. Carlisle, in New York City, came near being destroyed by fire on Sunday night. Hot furnace pipes in the basement set fire to joists and created quite a panic until the firemen cut through the floor and thus put out the flames.

## Dr. Miles' Heart Cure

Cures a Prominent Attorney.



M. R. C. PHELPS, the leading pension attorney of Belfast, N. Y., writes: "I was discharged from the army on account of ill health, and suffered from heart trouble ever since. I frequently had fainting and smothering spells. My form was bent as a man of 80. I constantly wore an overcoat, even in summer, for fear of taking cold. I could not attend to my business. My rest was broken by severe pains about the heart and left shoulder. Three years ago I commenced using Dr. Miles' Heart Cure, notwithstanding I had used so much patent medicine and taken drugs from doctors for years without being helped. Dr. Miles' Heart Cure restored me to health. It is truly a wonderful medicine and it affords me much pleasure to recommend this remedy to everyone."

Dr. Miles' Remedies are sold by all druggists under a positive guarantee, first bottle benefits or money refunded. Book on diseases of the heart and nerves free. Address, DR. MILES MEDICAL CO., Elkhart, Ind.



## CUT THIS OUT AND BRING TO US!

This ticket entitles you to a 5 per cent. rebate on every cash purchase of \$1.00 or more.

EAGLE WHITE LEAD EXCEPTED.

One ticket only redeemed with each purchase.

## STAGG & BACON.

Horse Collars, Hames, Picks, Saws, Shovels, Paint, Brushes, Lanterns, Locks, Mops, Buckets, Wire.

**EVERYTHING.**  
**STAGG & BACON,**  
MASONIC TEMPLE. ANN STREET.

## GLEN MARY NUT COAL!

Clean, free from slack, at

**7c** Per bushel.

Almost as economical as lump. For sale by

**A. DUDLEY BLANTON**

Head of Clinton Street.

Telephone 100.



This handsome table, Mahogany, inlaid top and shelf,

**\$2.50.**

**R. Rogers & Sons.**

**H. G. MATTERN,**

**THE Photographer,**

334 MAIN STREET. FRANKFORT, KY.

**50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE**  
**PATENTS**  
TRADE MARKS  
DESIGNS & C.

Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly obtain an opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. Handbook on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents. Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the

**Scientific American.**  
A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, \$3 a year; four months, \$1. Sold by all newsdealers.  
**MUNN & Co.** 361 Broadway, New York  
Branch Office, 225 F St., Washington, D. C.

For Rent—Store Room.

The large store room in Masonic Temple—one of the best in the city—is offered for rent. Apply to Capt. B. C. Milam or Ben T. Farmer.

4-11.